

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. I will watch to night
Perchance it will walke againe.

Hora. I warn't it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,
Ilespeake to it though hell it selfe should gape
And bid me hold my peace; I pray you althow
If you haue hitherto conceald this sight
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And whatsoeuer else shall hap to night,
Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue,
I will requite your loues, so fare you well:
Vpon the platforme twixt eleuen and twelue
Ile visit you.

All. Our dutie to your honour. *Exeunt.*

Ham. Your loues as mine to you, farewell.
My fathers spirit (in armes) all is not well,
I doubt some foule play, would the night were come
Till then sit still my soule, foule deeds will rise
Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eies. *Exit.*

Enter Laertes and Ophelia his Sister.

Laer. My necessities are imbarckt, farewell,
And sister as the winds giue benefit
And conuay, in assistant, doe not sleepe
But let me heare from you.

Ophe. Doe you doubt that?

Laer. For *Hamlet* and the trifling of his fauour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in bloud,
A violet in the youth of primie nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute
No more.

Ophe. No more but so.

Laer. Thinke it no more.
For nature cresstant does nor grow alone,
In thewes and bulkes, but as this Temple waxes
The inward seruice of the mind and soule
Growes wide withall, perhaps he loues you now,
And now no soile nor cautell doth besmerch
The vertue of his will, but you must feare,

Prince of Denmark

His greatnesse waied, his will is no
He may not as vnualued persons
Craue for himselfe, for on his choise
The safetie and health of this whole
And therefore must his choise be
Vnto the voice and yeelding of the
Whereof he is the head, then if he
It fits your wisdom so farre to be
As he in his particular act and place
May giue his saying deed, which
Then the maine voice of *Denmark*
Then weigh what losse your honour
If with too credent care you list
Or loose your heart, or your chaire
To his vnmastred importunitie.
Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare
And keepe you in the reare of your
Out of the shot and danger of death
" The chariest made is prodigall
If she vnmaske her beautie to the
" Vertue it selfe scapes not calu
" The Canker gaules the infant
Too oft before their buttons be
And in the morne and liquid dew
Contagious blastments are most
Be warie then, best safetie lies in
Youth to it selfe rebels, though

Ophe. I shall the effect of this
As watchmen to my heart: but g
Doe not as some vngracious Pas
Shew me the sleepe and thornie
Whiles a puffed, and reckles libert
Himselfe the primrose path of da
And reakes not his owne Reed.

Laer. O feare me not,
I stay too long, but heere my fa
A double blessing, is a double gr
Occasion smiles vpon a second le

Pol. Yet here *Laertes*? aboard

His